

Reunion

by Mayhem21

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Summary: Red vs. Blue. What happens when Grif and Sister finally get a moment alone after her arrival in Blood Gulch?

Reunion

****Reunion****

_By Thalia _

Beta-ed by Ptath

**Disclaimer**: We do not own Halo or RvB. Even if we could, simple self-preservation would dictate we stay far, far away.

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**Email Updates available**. If you wish to receive email notification when we post an update to any of our stories, please leave us a review or send us an email containing an email address and a screen name._

_**Rating: **__PG / K+ because of slight language. _

**CHARACTER NOTE! IMPORTANT!**

_We've named Sister because that's what parents, and authors, do. We name people. We chose Aimee, Old French for "beloved" and the French form of Amy. This name fits because Sister was beloved by her parents. _

_Also, before you say that Grif is acting out-of-character, please believe us when we say that, for the backstory we have worked out for the Grif siblings, this IS in character. _

_We are currently working on finishing our outline of said backstory and will soon begin writing it. You may expect it soon. If you wish to be notified when we post it, drop us a note and ask. See the

__**Email Updates**__ notice above for details.__

We hope you enjoy.

* * *

><p>As they reached the base, Grif pulled Aimee off into a side room while Simmons and Sarge started making preparations for the burial.<p>

Grif slowly closed the door behind them, sighing in frustration. When he took off his helmet, Aimee did the same. Right now, in this room, all the games stopped, all the acting ceased, and it was just the two of them being more real than either had had the opportunity to be in a long, long time.

Emerald green bore into crystal blue as their eyes met. What Aimee saw in the emerald green eyes of her brother tore her heart apart. The war had taken its toll on him. He looked older than he should have, and he was now allowing her to look into his soul. She had always been the only one that could see past all of his facades, past all the lies he told, and most of the time it was better that way because then she could keep Grif honest. But right now, he wasn't trying to hide and what she saw brought tears to her eyes.

"Why?" he finally asked, his voice just barely above a whisper.

"I . . ." she started to try and explain but Grif cut her off.

"You were supposed to stay in Hawaii. You were supposed to make something of yourself. You . . . you, damn it Aimee, do you even realize? Do you have any idea what I went through trying to keep you safe? You can't even begin to imagine the hell I went through so that I knew you would be safe and now you're just here and . . ." he stopped himself before he said something he was going to regret. He looked Aimee in the eye, "You were supposed to stay home. You aren't supposed to be here. You were supposed to stay!" Grif yelled unable to contain his anger any longer. The orange clad soldier could feel his world collapsing around him. 'She wasn't supposed to be here. She was supposed to be safe. She isn't safe here.' As the thoughts swirled he finally broke down. His legs gave out underneath him, and he slid down the wall to the floor.

A few silent tears streaked down his face. "Why couldn't you have just stayed home where it was safe?" he managed to choke out the desperate question around a strangled sob.

Aimee knelt in front of her big bother, but he didn't look at her. "I'm so sorry, Dex. But I couldn't stay. It wasn't home without you there, and it certainly wasn't safe." She said in a soft voice. "I missed you. Please, please, don't be angry. Dex, please." She was begging now. He had never really been angry with her before, not even when she had tried to commit suicide. He had just made sure she was okay, and then went to do his duty for God and country. She couldn't bear the thought of him being angry with her now. "I know you worked hard to keep me safe, but I couldn't stay there, I just couldn't. Please, don't be angry, please." At this point she was near tears herself and the fact that Grif wasn't responding scared her.

He finally looked up into her pleading blue eyes and saw all the

torment and anguish that had pushed her to join the Army. He saw in her everything that had motivated her to come to this wretched place to be with him. What he saw was love. Plain and simple. It was a love she had only for him, and she had followed that to the far reaches of space and hundreds of years into the future so she could be with him. Finally, he pulled her towards him in a tight hug.

"I'm not angry." Grif said softly. "I'm just worried about you. I mean, jeez Sis, you joined a fucking war to be with me. How in the world could I possibly be angry with you for that? I promise I'll do everything in my power to keep you safe now that you're here, but you have to promise me you'll be careful ok. Having to leave you was one of the hardest things I've ever done. Now that you're here I don't think I could bear to lose you."

"I promise," she replied solemnly.

They sat in a silent embrace for a while until Simmons's shouts destroyed the moment. "Grif, where the hell are you?"

The siblings extracted themselves from one another and replaced their helmets before going out to meet Simmons knowing that as long as they were together, they were safe.

End
file.